Eating deer is allowed but not recommended

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Eating deer is allowed but not recommended

by Angelic_Disaster

Summary

Case number #0120227. Statement of Special Agent Will Graham of the FBI, regarding a sequence of hallucinations of a dead serial killer and posterior follow up. Statement recorded directly from subject, February 27, 2012.

Written for the #HannibalAUgust of 2021.
Day 8: Paranormal.

Notes

This is set on the Magnus Universe, but I took some liberties. I haven't finished The Magnus Archives but I'm on it, currently in episode 105; so if there are errors or something that is not correct to the universe, please ignore it.

//Update 24/10/21: I finished TMA, I think everything is more or less canon-like, except ofr the part about different headquarters of the Magnus Institute around the globe. Oh well.

ALSO: The amazing Gramps made art of the fic, check the end notes to look at it and avoid spoilers.

// UPDATE!! 10/08/23: The incredibly talented Ren Lee made art for this fic too and I'm speechless at how beautiful it is. LOOK AT IT and go give them some love at the original Tumblr post (murder family art)

See the end of the work for more notes

Statement

[CLICK]

[Will Graham]

I already told you, I'm perfectly fine.

[Jack Crawford]

Will, you look like shit.

[Will Graham]

[muffled] and who's fault is that?

[Jack Crawford]

[Shouting] I DIDN’T HEAR THAT, DID I?

[Archivist and Will Graham wince]

[Will Graham]

No. No, you didn't.

[Jack Crawford]

Good. *[Sighs, adopts a somewhat more soft voice but still stern]* Give the statement. Go home. Get some sleep.

[THE DOOR OPENS ROUGHLY, THEN CLOSES WITH A SLAM]

[SILENCE]

[Archivist]

Sir, you are in no obligation to give a statement if you don't wish to.

[Will Graham]

Sure, tell that to my boss. *[Sighs]* I'll give you the damn statement, but it will be just a waste of time.

[Archivist]

Or an opportunity for you to share. *[Distant snort]*

[Will Graham]

I already have a therapist. Thanks.

[Archivist]

Of course. Alright then, Statement of Special Agent Will Graham of the FBI, regarding a sequence of hallucinations *[distant groan]* of a dead serial killer. Statement recorded directly from subject, February 27, 2012. Statement begins.

[Will Graham]

Right. I'm not crazy. I know the kind of crazy that I am, and it is not *that* kind of crazy. It's only… I don't sleep a lot. Nightmares. A lot of nightmares. Nightmares, migraines, coffee, aspirines. That's my usual morning routine. My usual breakfast consists of two aspirins and the boiling coffee from the cafeteria after four hours of sleep and two nightmares. Then, work.

I work at the FBI. I'm a good profiler; I am a teacher, or *was* a teacher. Jack keeps me away from the classroom enough that I don't know why I still receive that paycheck.

I save lives now, I suppose. I try to. I enter the heads of killers, I come back with something dark hidden in my pocket. It's never easy, but it's what I have to do. *[Sighs]* At night is more difficult. I was doing... not great, never great. Not even good. But I wasn't doing *bad.* It started with the Hobbs family. I'm sure you heard about that.

[SILENCE. WILL GRUNTS]

Yeah, sure. Garret Jakob Hobbs, The Minnesota Shrike. Killed eight girls that looked exactly like his daughter. I killed him while he was slitting his daughter's throat. Lots of blood. Mother and serial-killer-father both dead. Abigail is doing good, I guess? Better than me at least. *[Softer]* As everyone else. It's not really difficult to do better than me.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter, my not-psychiatrist, and I visit her, we're bonding over trauma. Dr. Lecter saved her life. He is also her legal guardian now, I'm just... there. It's not bad… It's rather good. Pleasant. God, *[Laughs self-deprecatingly, then sobs, breathes]* visiting her together at the hospital on Fridays is the best part of my week.

[Choked but dismissive] Anyway. Hobbs, father, started appearing in my nightmares. It's no surprise, obviously. You kill a man, he is going to appear in your nightmares to haunt you. Maybe drag you from your feet, hide under your bed; steal your bedsheet, poke two holes in it and watch you from the door.

Sometimes he is there in the distance, laughing, sometimes he is behind me, teaching me how to shoot. Sometimes… *[Breathes]* sometimes I'm in his place, holding Abigail and slitting her throat. That was all something that I expected to happen. The thing is… he has started appearing *outside* of my nightmares.

[SUBTLE SOUND OF STATIC STARTS]

On the porch of my house, sitting there, smiling. On the corners of my vision, watching, smiling. On crime scenes. Instead of the victim's dead body he is there, watching me, smiling at me.

He is not in the hospital when we visit Abigail. Never in the hospital. I'm glad, I don't know if I could hold Abigail's arm when we walk if he was there.

He is never with me when Dr. Lecter is with me either. Hobbs doesn't care about Jack or my dogs. *[Pause]* I… I don't really have much more relationships than those. He comes a moment, smiles at me, watches me and then disappears, not caring who's there. *[Chuckles]* Maybe he is scared of Dr. Lecter. Maybe he is homophobic, doesn't want to watch two men taking care of his daughter. *[Pause, a sigh, then sharply]* Dr. Lecter and I are just colleagues. Friends if you want. *[Another chuckle]* He wants me to call him friend. I won't.

The thing about Hobbs is… he is dead. I know he is dead, and I know he has no power. He is in my mind, because of stress, because I have nightmares, because I'm dealing with a ton of shit that Dr. Lecter wants me to call PTSD. But the thing that makes me… uncomfortable, is that I know what a dead body looks like. And he doesn't look dead.

[SOUND OF STATIC STARTS INCREASING SOFTLY]

Pale, yeah, like a dead body. Bleeding from every single bulletwound. I know where to look for the wounds, I put those bullets there. But his *eyes.* His eyes never look right. They should be white, a pale grey at best, misty, gone. But no. He is there, looking at me from the corner of my eyes where my vision doesn't reach and I know he is there even if I only can vaguely see him; he is there with that damned smile that reaches to his ears and extends into the dark. He looks at me from the corner of my room, or from the table in the center of the morgue or sitting at the end of my class and even when I'm not looking at him *I can* ***see*** . His eyes are never right, constantly changing, bright and vivid colors. *I-* I don't know why my mind wouldn't just manifest a dead body the right way, I have seen plenty of them for my brain to make one. I saw Hobbs die, I saw his dead body. But he is there, always *watching* , always *smiling* , waiting for me to fucking lose my goddamn mind.

[STATIC RECEDES, BUT BARELY. DOESN'T DISAPPEARS]

He could touch me, but he won't. He is always close but never in reach. He could touch me, if he wanted, even when he is not close. I know he could. I've seen him enough, I've seen him move from one place to another in one single swift move, his legs stretching far longer than they look. When I see him in the corner of my eyes he *never* looks exactly *right* . Thinner, longer… he… *[Breathes deeply]* But he is always a couple of feet away. He could touch me, but he won't. He is waiting for me to go to him, willingly.

[Laughs]

I know I'm fucking crazy, but definitely *not* that crazy. *[Pause]* Are you familiar with the term *"fucked up deer"?* It's a common trope in movies, horror or apocalyptic. When you want to show but not tell, you show a *very* fucked up deer. No head, or maybe weird antlers, blood where it shouldn't have. Weird eyes, lots of teeth, too many joints, eaten but still alive, covered by fungi; whatever the fuck you like as long as it's a *fucked up deer.*

I saw a doe last night, outside my house, near the forest. A *very* fucked up doe. It wasn't fucked up at first. In fact, it was a beautiful doe, walking there outside my house. The moon wasn't there of course, because the moon would never let a doe die.

The doe looked at me, it was quite far away, and I was inside my house, looking at the window. I can't sleep, I already told you that. Nightmares. I don't know if that was a nightmare. I don't know if I was asleep and woke up and walked to the window. But I was at the window looking at the deer without remembering how I got there, and the deer was looking at me. And instead of void black eyes it had beautiful, bright blue. Human-like. It looked at me with so much fear… then, it started to bang its head against a rock. Just like that. Again, and again and again. I can still hear the loud, wet slam of it and the crack of bones, the skull shattering against the stone.

Then, the doe stopped and with the brains and pieces of skull scattered there, the doe tried to *eat* it. Tried to lick its own brains from the stone. But of course its tongue wasn't working, you need a functional brain to make your tongue work, even when you're a deer. The doe cried. One single tear, even that far away I could see it, shining bright in the night. Hobbs petted the doe gently. He had watched the doe slam its head, he watched with those weird, spiraling eyes of changing colors, smiling. Then, he slit the doe's throat. He didn't have a knife, he used his finger. The blood dripped between red and black through his fingers.

He took a piece of brain from the stone, dipped it in the blood and offered it to me from where he stood in the distance.

[STATIC RECEDES ALMOST TO A STOP. IT CAN BE BARELY HEARD]

I made sure all windows and doors were closed. Took my rifle and waited, watching the window, watching as Hobbs ate.

Funny thing is, I lose time. A lot – Don't, don't tell Jack, I'm getting a brain scan, it's ok, – and when I mean a lot, I mean *a lot.* I'm in my kitchen, but then I blink and I'm somewhere else, maybe QUANTICO, maybe the market, doing the things I would do in my daily life, but in automatic. I teach my classes without even being there. Once I was in the car. That one was awful. I try not to blink when I'm in the car now, and go as slow as I legally can. Well, no. I don't drive anymore, I can't drive if I lose time. Jack drove me here but that's because I wouldn't have come if he hadn't drove me here, Dr. Lecter will drive me home later. He knows, and he drives me around a lot, lately. I'm thankful – I sleep in his car, little naps *[laughs]* – still, I sleep less, I blink less. I have more nightmares.

Oh no, don't. I know what you want to ask, I can see it in your face. Don't. *[Adopst a different voice, sharper and mockingly sweet] "Are you here with me now, Mr. Graham?"* How would I know? Maybe I am, maybe I'm not. I have no way of knowing.

[Breathes, and resumes]

But, the funniest thing about losing time is that I lose it only when it's daytime. Not at night. Not when Hobbs is there.

Last night I didn't lose time, I was awake all night, blinking as much as I could. I knew Hobbs wouldn't let me lose time, he wanted me to look at him eating. If he controlled time, he made it stretch longer. So I took advantage, blinked twice for every time I couldn't during the day.

And Hobbs stood there in the distance, sitting in the grass, peacefully eating the deer's brains all night; offering me a piece from time to time, with that hideous, ghoulish smile. I didn't sleep, and didn't lose time. But I managed to blink. I think of it as a win.

[STATIC RECEDES FULLY TO A STOP, THEN SILENCE]

[Archivist]

En-end… end statement. *[Breathes]* And that happened last night?

[Will Graham]

Last night. And the night before that. And the night before that. And the night before that one. Every night is exactly the same… It has been a rough week. I haven't slept much. *[Sighs, more enthusiastic]* But today is Friday, and Hobbs doesn't show on Fridays.

[STATIC STARTS OUT OF NOWHERE, LOUD, WILD]

He at least gives me that, so I can enjoy the day with Abigail and –

[VERY SHARP SQUEAL OF DISTORTION. DOOR OPENS]

[Fondly] Hello Dr. Lecter.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter]

[Cheery] Hello Will. Sorry to interrupt. *[He doesn't truly sound sorry]* Ready to go?

[Archivist]

Sir, sorry we were in the middle of somethi–

[Will Graham]

Fuck yes, let’s get out of here.

[Archivist]

But… isn't there an–

[Will Graham]

[Sharp] That's all.

[Archivist]

Alright. We will be in contac–

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter]

Won't be necessary. You're interviewing him because of the hallucinations, right? It has nothing to do with this… *paranormal* stuff. Believe me, it's only stress. A weekend to rest and everything will be alright, doctor's orders. *[Hopeful]* Maybe five days?

[CHAIR SCRAPING ON FLOOR]

[Will Graham]

[Laughs, sarcastic] Sure. Try to convince Jack of that.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter]

Nothing that a dinner can't fix. *[Towards The Archivist]* Good afternoon, Miss.

[Archivist]

But–

[Will Graham]

Goodbye.

[DOOR SHUTS. STATIC RECEDES ENOUGH TO HEAR MUFFLED VOICES FROM BEHIND THE DOOR BUT DOESN'T DISAPPEARS]

[Will Graham]

[Mockingly] My knight in a flashing suit came to the rescue.

[DR. HANNIBAL LECTER CHUCKLES. THEY START WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR, THE STATIC RECEDES, FOLLOWING THEM OUT OF THE BUILDING]

[Archivist]

Statement ends. I guess.

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

[Archivist]

Follow up of case #0120227; Statement of Special Agent Will Graham of the FBI. Statement given on February 27 of 2012, recorded by the former Archivist Sarah James. Follow up currently recorded by Ella Charming, head Archivist of the Magnus Institute headquarters in the U.S.A, on May 15, 2018.

We were able to make a follow up of Mr. Will Graham's statement, now Mr. Graham-Lecter. Congratulations to the happy couple. I hope someone reported Dr. Lecter's ethical violation of Doctor/Patient relationships to the corresponding authorities, if not, I would be very disappointed by the FBI.

Mr. Graham seems to be doing much better, he left Virginia two years ago. He still works consulting for the FBI, coming back for special cases but he has quitted from teaching at QUANTICO; he is currently living in Italy with his husband and *[gathers papers, long pause*

and a heavy sigh] their adopted daughter, Abigail Graham-Lecter, previously known as Abigail Hobbs. There is no information of what Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham does for work, but I suppose one of them *does* work. I just hope it is not psychiatric care anymore.

[Clears throat] Of course, we only had a call in which Dr. Lecter stated this information and told us that Will Graham's hallucinations were the result of encephalitis. Still, I contacted Victoria David from the Magnus Institute headquarters in Italy, hopefully she can take a quick trip to Florence and make the correct follow up. Until then, we just have to believe Mr. and Mr. Graham-Lecter's word of whatever *'doing better'* means.

End recording.

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

[STATIC SO LOUD IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO HEAR ANYTHING. VOICES MUFFLED]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

[Sounding far away] Anti NMDA Encephalitis.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

[Closer but still muffled by distance and static] The results came a couple of days later after Will gave his statement, the treatment took a toll on him. Those were long months. He needed rest, that's why he never came back to give a follow-up statement. And in all honesty, I think there was no need for a follow-up after *five years.* We already had this conversation with your co-worker by phone and I think that–

[Will Graham-Lecter]

[Chastizazing] Babe.

[BARELY AUDIBLE SIGH; THE SOUND OF WINE BEING POURED ON A GLASS]

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

But nonetheless, now that you're here, why don't you have a seat and drink a glass with us? Abigail will be joining us shortly.

[Archival Assistant]

Thank you, but I should be on my way then.

[Will Graham-Lecter]

We insist .

[STATIC GETS FASTER, LOUDER]

[Archival Assistant]

[muffled] No, tha– *[Stops. Adopts a pliant voice]* Yes. Of course.

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

[STATIC NEVER RECEDES. A DOOR OPENS, SOUNDS OF THE STREET]

[THE SOUND OF A ZIPPER BEING OPENED, THE SOUNDS AND VOICES ARE LESS MUFFLED]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

[Now very *close to the tape recorder, over the static]* Thank you, Miss. David.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

Have a pleasant and safe trip back.

[Archival Assistant]

[Sobbing] Tha-thank you.

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Such a shame you can't stay a little longer. Hopefully we will see each other again. Don’t be shy, come visit us next time you’re around Florence.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

We’d love you to have you for dinner.

[Archival Assistant]

[Tries to speak, only makes a pathetic whine]

[DOOR CLOSES. SILENCE]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Okay, *[excited]* rock, paper, scissors.

[Abigail Graham-Lecter]

[Groans] Oh, come on! You cheated.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

[Curious] How so?

[Abigail Lecter-Graham]

I meant to make rock, no paper. He cheated.

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Sorry. *[He doesn't sound sorry]* This one is mine.

[Abigail Graham-Lecter]

You had the last one, this is unfair.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

Life isn't always fair, darling. Why don't you take the dogs out? Get some fun with our dear Miss David?

[Abigail Graham-Lecter]

[Excited] Can I?

[SOMEONE WHISTLES. DOGS START BARKING]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

'Kay, okay. Go all of you.

[DOOR OPENS. THERE ARE NO SOUNDS FROM THE STREET. JUST THE WHISTLE AND THE DOGS' BARKING]

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

Be sure to be back for dinner, young lady.

[Will Graham-Lecter]

[Shouting] Don't have too much fun!

[DOOR CLOSES]

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter]

[Sighs] I knew we would have to leave Florence, but I wasn't expecting it to be so soon. I find myself rather…

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Upset?

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

Reluctant. I missed Florence. *[Sighs]* Do you think it is wise to let her go?

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Without this *[shakes tape recorder]* yes. She won't remember much. And I'll wait at least a week before I claim her. Enough to don't make them trace her to us. *[Softly]* I promise it'll be alright.

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

I know, dearest. Still, we should leave soon. Three fears in one place, is too much of a risk to stay here.

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Another three months for you to enjoy at least. What do you think about leaving after a dinner party?

[Dr. Hannibal Lecter-Graham]

I will start the preparations tomorrow. *[Pause]* Meanwhile...

[TAPE RECORDER GETS DESTROYED]

[Encounter of one Special Agent Will Graham with the entity of The XXXXXX and the entity of, supposedly, The XXXXX; Date unknown. Unrecorded.]

Will was inside his house, it was still very early in the morning, or too late in the night. Either way, he blinked and he was still in his house. He blinked again, looked at the digital clock sitting at his bedside table. Saturday, 4:26 A.M. He blinked again and the numbers ***(ha)*** changed, Saturday 4:25 A.M. The numbers started to melt, water rose to his ankles. Blink. Saturday, 3:74 A.M.

Blink.

Will was on the stream near his house. Sun high in the sky, *(ha)* maybe mid-morning. He was dressed, he had his fishing rod. Blink. The sun didn't change. Blink. He supposed it could be worse, this was rather nice. Blink. His watch **(ha)** read Saturday, 11.43 A.M.

The stream reflected the light blue of the sky and the bright yellow of the sun, shifting with the current.

Don't blink.

Away on the horizon stood Garret Jakob Hobbs, his reflection twisted *(ha)* on the water. He waved his hand, thin, long fingers. His reflection shifted and shifted and shifted in patterns (ha) without any kind of sense.

(ha) Don't blink.

The wind seemed to giggle.

The dogs barked, the sound of car tires on asphalt, then on land. Then steps.

"Will," a voice, thick, accented. Will turned very slowly to it, avoiding to make any rush movement, as if he could black out because of it. "I was in the area and thought of paying you a visit. Would you like to have some lunch?" Hannibal said.

The stream turned a vibrant, angry red, but Hannibal didn't seem to react to it. It probably wasn't real then.

Something bit and Will reeled it in.

It was a deer. *(ha)* A small deer, maybe a baby, **(haha)** shaking like a fish out of the water.

Will held it, showing it to Hannibal, waiting for Hannibal to reassure him about reality. Hannibal tilted his head curiously, in the same way his dogs did, and the action made Will smile.

"Fish aren't biting today, aren't them?" he asked. Will turned to look at the deer and in its place there was only a cloth.

"I suppose they're not hungry."

"Are you?"

Will smiled, walking out of the red waters. "Starving. But I don't have much in my fridge."

"I supposed as much," Hannibal said with the very phantom of a smile, the quick, soft twist upwards of the corner of his mouth. "I bought groceries," he offered his hand to help Will get back on land.

"Thank you."

Will didn't ask if Hannibal could see the water changing colors from vibrant red to void black, or if he could see Hobbs in the distance. Hannibal made no comment, then Will accepted none of it was real. It was good to know what was and what wasn't real.

Hannibal opened the door to Will's house like a true gentleman, letting him in.

"I'll bring the grocery bags, you change yourself. I'll be back shortly."

The wind stopped laughing.

"You ***(you)*** can't *(can't)* **protect** *(protect)* him *(him)* **fore**ver," the voice of that who wasn't Hobbs echoed with the wind.

"I won't need to." *(Forever)* Hannibal regarded the thing with his usual politeness and calm, "you're not the only one with its eyes on him. You'll do well by leaving him alone."

"He is my claim," said the thing that wasn't Hobbs, nor was a little girl with blond curls and pink dress dirtied with blood.

Hannibal smiled with too many teeth. Far more rows than any human should have.

"You have no power over me."

*He i**s m**y cla**im.*** Echoed the wind.

"We'll see."

[CLICK]

[SOUND OF STEPS. CARS PASSING BY. PEOPLE TALKING UNINTELLIGIBLY]

[STATIC STARTS APPEARING SLOWLY BUT STEADY. SOUNDS OF STREET DISAPPEARING]

[DISTANT WHISTLE. DOGS BARKING]

[ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST VICTORIA DAVID DOESN’T MAKE A SOUND. KEEPS WALKING]

[A GIRL GIGGLES]

[STEPS STOP]

[KNOCK KNOCK]

[DOOR OPENS. THE STATIC BECOMES TOO LOUD, TOO SHARP. THE SOUND OF LIMBS STRETCHING]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

[Voice distorted] Miss David, good to see you again, it has been so long. Please, *come in.*

[TWO STEPS. DOOR CLOSES]

[Victoria David, Archival Assistant]

[Shrieks in terror]

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

[Archivist]

[Sighs heavily. Tired] Case number #0191124. Statement of Agent Beverly Katz of the FBI, regarding the desapparition of her boss, Agent Jack Crawford, head of the Behavioral Science Unit at the FBI on November 19, 2019. Statement recorded directly from subject on November 24, 2019. Statement begins.

[Beverly Katz]

Do I start? Sorry, I- I don't exactly know what happened? He just… left.

[Archivist]

Where were you when it happened?

[Beverly Katz]

At the morgue. *[Silence]* Oh! Ehm- I was at the morgue, with Jimmy and Z…

[Archivist]

Full names please.

[Beverly Katz]

Oh, yeah, sorry. Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price. I don't know if Jimmy's name is Jimmy. I suppose it's James? When I met him he told me *[mimicking, supposingly, Jimmy's voice] 'Hello! Call me Jimmy!'* So, I always called him Jimmy and I never truly asked? Anyway, we were at the morgue, like every day at work and Jack had asked us to meet him there at 4 P.M. with Will. But Will wasn't there.

[Archivist]

Full name Miss. Katz.

[Beverly Katz]

[Whispers] Sorry, *[She sounds sorry]* Will Graham.

[Archivist]

Will Graham? As in Special Agent Will Graham-Lecter?

[Beverly Katz]

That's my doggy boy! Well, Jack had said that we had to meet him with Will there, but Will was late, and wasn't there. Jack came to the office, and let me tell you, Jack is always in a sour mood. He has that perpetual face of being tired. I can't recall the last time I heard him laugh. I think I saw him smile at Will's wedding though.

[Archivist]

Will Graham's wedding with Dr. Hannibal Lecter?

[Beverly Katz]

Yep.

[Archivist]

Nobody in the FBI reported Dr. Lecter to the authorities? It's against the law to get involved in a romantic relationship with a patient.

[Beverly Katz]

Honestly? Yeah, I know we should have. But you never met Will before Dr. Lecter. He was, well, I've never seen him truly happy until Dr. Lecter. We all looked the other way. And to be honest, if we have to put our bets in who manipulates the other, my money is on Will. Dr. Lecter always looked at him as if Will had hung the stars, it was adorable. Kind of a 2000's romcom, the elegant, well mannered, rich doctor had the biggest crush on the rude, grumpy FBI man covered in dog fur.

Sometimes we were in the morgue and I swear to God, I think if someone had asked Hannibal Lecter to cook them burgers Dr. Lecter would have thrown *them* on the grill. *[Laughs]* But then Will would say *'I want to eat burgers today'* and Dr. Lecter would sigh and say *[drops voice, mimicking Hannibal Lecter accent] 'As you wish'.* That man had fallen *hard.* We were sorry for him once, because we thought Will wasn't swinging that way, but then one day they gave me a fucking wedding invitation, and I was like *'Okay, this is happening'.* We were all surprised but Will was happy, and if Dr. Lecter made him happy then so be it. They didn't kill anybody. There are worse crimes than marrying someone who makes you happy.

[ARCHIVIST HUMS]

[Archivist]

I see. Proceed with the statement, please.

[Beverly Katz]

Oh, sure. Ehm- where was I? Oh, ehm, so Jack enters the morgue. Are you familiar with the Chesapeake Ripper? Well, Jack had been obsessed with him for *years.* So, he comes into the morgue as if he's ready to kill someone, holding a folder up, saying that we are going to go capture the Chesapeake Ripper and he looks… older. Tired and I would even go as far as to say he looked sad. As if finding the Chesapeake Ripper was the worst thing that happened since his wife's death. But we try to cheer him up until Will arrives and suddenly he… stops.

[Archivist]

He… stops?

[Beverly Katz]

Yes. He stops. He loses his perpetual rock-hard face of *'I heard you were talking bullshit and I'm going to shoot you in the leg in the next two seconds'* and he… he looks blank. Absolutely lost. Jimmy asks him if he is alright, I try to ask who the Chesapeake Ripper iz and Jack just looked at us, but it feels as if he was looking at us but he couldn't see us and then… He just... turns around and walks away with the folder without saying a word.

[Archivist]

He walks away?

[Beverly Katz]

He… yes. The door opens like, after a minute, and Will comes inside. I remember making a joke about how he looks better. I haven't seen him in two years, he has color in his cheeks and has gained weight, and that's good because he was in his bones when I first met him. I've never seen him eat until he started dating Dr. Lecter. Well, no, I saw him eat a sandwich once between his classes, and once I took him to eat at McDonalds. But nothing else. We told him that Jack had come saying he knew who the Chesapeake Ripper was but that he hadn't before walking away and he said *'Well, it seems that I arrived just in time then, great'.*

[Archivist]

I… I see… and the folder…

[Beverly Katz]

Jack took it with him. We tried to look in his office for clues about where he had gone or at least his investigation about the Chesapeake Ripper but *shit* , it would be easier to set fire to that office. It's a disaster, and there are cobwebs *everywhere.* It looks like a cheap Halloween horror house. We only found a board with a red thread connecting things but its connections don't seem to have any real connection at all or are indecipherable. There is a spider nest in his drawer and– Umm, Miss… sorry, don't move, *[chuckles]* you have a spider on your shoulder.

[Archivist]

[Shouting] WHERE?!

[CHAIR FALLS, RUSTLE OF PAPERS. ANOTHER CHAIR MOVES]

[Archivist]

DON'T TOUCH IT!

[SUBTLE STATIC STARTS. SOUND OF CLOTHES RUFFLING]

[Beverly Katz]

Miss, are you alright?

[Archivist]

[Softer, pliant voice] Yes. I have to go.

[DOOR OPENS. THEN CLOSES]

[Beverly Katz]

[Confused] Uh, alright?

[STATIC INCREASES ROUGHLY AND FAST. A DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY. SHRIEK OF STATIC]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Hey, Bev. I saw the archivist leave. Are you done here?

[Beverly Katz]

Hey man! I think I am?

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Nice. Do you want to go for a beer?

[Beverly Katz]

Fuck yeah. Let me grab my coat from the morgue and let's go.

[SOUND OF BEVERLY KATZ WALKING AWAY]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

[shouting] I'll wait for you in the parking lot!

[DOOR CLOSES. STATIC INCREASES, STEPS GET CLOSER]

[Will Graham-Lecter]

Statement ends, ceaseless watcher. See you at dinner.

[CLICK]

Diary

Chapter Summary

Hannibal Lecter's search history: how to know if I'm in love?

Chapter Notes

What? A second chapter that nobody asked for about a fic that was finished? Yes. Will there be more? Probably.
This whole fic is very experimental in the way I'm writing it. Expect it to continue that way.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

March 17, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.

It doesn't surprise me that an Entity has put its eye on Will Graham, and it won't surprise me either if others decide to do the same shortly.

He is more than interesting, and I can't deny that I would have done the same, or that I'm not already plotting something similar. The difference lies in *what* we want with him. The Spiral has found in him a deep rooted fear, a source of nutrition on which It can gorge as desire. Will's sanity is deteriorating day by day, and if it weren't for my own curiosity in him, I have no doubt he would have been eaten already. Luckily for him, I have enough resources and interest to keep him safe. I could keep him sane too, if so I wished, but it's way more fun this way.

There is also the reason that, if he were not being haunted by The Spiral, he would be able to see through me, probably faster than I would expect. There is no way to predict him. It's exhilarating. It's dangerous.

While I think about what I wish to do with him, or the most safe course of action, I will let The Spiral eat.

Bon Appétit, Distortion.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

March 24, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.

Will had confided in me that his hallucinations had taken the face of Garret Jacob Hobbs. I applaud the Distortion's decision. It makes my plans run smoother. I shall thank It in some way.

The Spiral has already understood that it represents no difficulty for me to chase their influence away thanks to the Leitners in my possession. But alas, I decided to postpone my plans to tell Will about my suspicions of a physical, neurological explanation of what pains him, for at least another month.

After all, The Spiral is hungry, and Will looks delicious. What kind of host would I be if I let such a clever power starve?

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

April 9, 2012. Regarding Abigail Hobbs.

If not a single Entity decides to take Abigail Hobbs as an avatar, I shall make her my protégé. I'll teach her to wield a knife and show her a book. Her palate doesn't need to broaden, but a man can dream of teaching her to cook.

I'm making a fool of myself when she is concerned. I didn't know I missed fatherhood this much.

I would never be able to replace her, but taking care of Abigail feels like a creamy soup in winter. I think of teaching her how to play the harpsichord.

She is full of potential, and it will be a shame to waste it.

I have two strong candidates for her, but in the end, it will be her decision which path to follow.

The time with her father has made her skilled in recognizing prey, and if Mr. Garret Jacob Hobbs hadn't already been an avatar of the Hunt, then he would have been close to it. The pungent smell of fear in the house has been proof enough of it.

(I'm sure, still, that The Flesh has the family in high regard. Abigail ate with me yesterday, and recognition flashed in her eyes, but she said no word about it. I don't doubt she has respect for The Flesh, but not such a deliberate, amicable relationship as the power would want.)

(I think that's good. I sometimes feel that The Flesh is unnecessarily goresome and pedestrian. Abigail is more refined than that, and even if she now has strong feelings against the scar in her throat, she doesn't seem to be inclined to body modifications.)

My second candidate, and the strongest one in my opinion is The Stranger. How skilled Abigail is in twisting her personality. Her face continues to be the same, the darkness around her seems to grow thicker, her smile is false but not obviously so. I see her talk with Alana, who is not a fool, and yet still, falls easily by Abigail's lies. Her person suit will need some stitches, measurements as she grows in age, experience and power. But there is time, she is young and I'll hold her hand. I have high expectations for her, and The Stranger should too.

But in the end, Abigail is her own person. If she decides to embrace the nature that creeps on her when she disguises her as prey to lure; or if she decides to embrace the nurture of her father and shred the wool from her fur, it's up to her. And I shall respect her decision, and guide her safely to the books she prefers.

Note: Writing about Abigail brings me to Will, and I wonder, which Entity would he choose if given the chance?

The Beholding seems to be the safest, more obvious rute. But Will has such a potential for violence, I don't think he would conform himself with such a passive power. Maybe it's wishful thinking, maybe it's because of the many dogs he has, but The Hunt would suit him well, blood covering his face, flesh between his canines, freedom and the smell of woods, a daughter of the same shape.

He was a police officer once. He hunts killers now. If the decision would be placed in my hands, I know which power I would choose for Will.

There is another possibility, and it won't surprise me at all if he would decide to embrace the cold fog of The Lonely.

I see him crave human comfort, the weight of my hand in his shoulder grounds him. I like to think it's more because of me, than from the touch, but he is so starved that I won't doubt that he would crave touch from any person that manages to not flinch when he growls.

(Jealousy is bothersome, and inconvenient. And more difficult to be pushed aside than I thought it would be.)

If Will were to encounter the fog, he would be eaten or he would become something powerful.

I think that Will would treasure the fog. But I dread that the sweet pink in his cheeks would disappear if he gets himself wrapped in it.

Another note: Will likes to pass around in my office. Likes to touch my things. (He treasures his individuality and tall barriers, but he resents them too.) If it were anybody else, I would have already set a trap, left Leitner's *'The Burning House'* in close proximity, and watched them read. Will is not anybody else. I had taken measurements to hide all my Leitner's that had anything to do with The Spiral and The Lonely. Just in case.

The Flesh and the Slaughter are in my good graces, but they're too unoriginal for me. I have hope that if Will gets interested in them, it will be by my hand, and not to serve them.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

May 11, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.

Will kissed Alana Bloom.

I find it endearing that he felt compelled to drive two hours from Wolf Trap to my house to tell me. I find it relieving that Alana changed her mind at the last second and decided to leave.

I'm not prone to drink beer, but I wonder how her blood will taste paired with it.

On another note, Tobias Budge is The Maestro. I sent Will his way.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

*May 12, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.**

I may have done something impulsive.

Tobias Budge attacked me in my office today. He is dead. Sadly, I couldn't take anything from him. I also had to kill Franklyn (a shame, but also a relief).

Tobias Budge is dead, but before I killed him he told me he killed two FBI agents. It has been long since I felt the cold sensation of fear travel through me. For a long hour I had to live with the knowledge that Will Graham was most probably dead, that Tobias Budge may have killed him, and that I couldn't kill him in the way I needed to take revenge for what he had taken from me.

(For a moment I felt cold, and the white fog of Lithuania's winter came to me, trying to drag me back. When I looked at the window I thought I saw nothing but snow and a flowing pink dress. I was marked once, twice. Now thrice. I'm still alive. Victorious.)

And as a reward, Will had come again to me.

I don't miss fear. And I hope I never have to feel it again. I'm afraid, such a devious joke to me, that when Will Graham is concerned, I won't have control of the emotions I feel.

Will is now sound asleep in my room after two sleeping pills I gave him, a herbal tea, a glass of bourbon, and what I assume was a rather undignified plea from me, begging him to stay the night. I didn't lie when I told him I didn't want to be alone. He accepted gracefully, smiling. I've never seen him more relaxed. He agreed easily, and I think the second time he asked me if I was sure, he was scared that I would have changed my mind. His eyes shone beautifully, and sighed with relief when I started to make tea for two.

He brought me home, he offered to tend my wounds. He is not an expert, and if I would have tended them, the wounds would have healed nicely. They will scar now, most probably. But it would be Will's scars, and I treasure them more because of it.

I did something impulsive, and told Will I think he has encephalitis. He does not, but he doesn't know that. The hallucinations, the constant fever that he has due to stress, the nightmares, the sleepwalking, are all by the hand of The Spiral, but he does not know that.

He cried. He confessed to me that he heard a wounded animal outside the Budge's shop and ran to help. He feels that the two men Tobias killed are dead by the extension of his own hand. It's endearing. He suffers so beautifully, I feel compelled to draw him in tears, but not now when he is warming my bed. Later, perhaps.

Another joke on me, maybe. When I thought he was dead, the first thing I thought was that he was dead by extension of my hand.

Still, it surprises me that what I felt when seeing him cry was the need to protect and soothe him. I didn't feel the joy, the pleasure I was expecting. On the contrary, the soft look in his eyes, the way in which his face relaxed as he sat slowly as the knowledge sank into him. I can't find in myself to regret my decision, no matter how dangerous the future of my freedom has become.

I need time alone to look into this cocktail of emotions inside me. I need to calm down and plan a course of action.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow I'll also make some calls to a neurologist that owes me a favor. We can fake an encephalitis diagnosis.

There was no wounded animal outside the shop. If The Spiral has saved Will from a possible death, I am in Its debt.

Now, I must see to my other patient notes. Will must not have more encounters with The Distortion after he finishes the treatment for his non-existent encephalitis, so I must look for possible replacements for him. To thank The Spiral for their favor, and to pay them back for what I'm taking from them.

Margaret Talis it's an anxious woman who lives alone and nobody will miss. I'll start from there.

Added notes about May 12, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.,*

August 24, 2012.

I've been thinking about Will all day. I fear that I cannot control myself when he is involved.

He still looks comfortable in my presence, and it surprises myself that he shows no indication that he has any idea of my secrets. Maybe he is actively ignoring it, closing the door in his mind before it floods his brain. Maybe he truly isn't marked by The Eye. Maybe he does not care by my predilections. Maybe he is acting, and has the upper hand well hidden.

I don't remember ever feeling this anxiety before. It's as addictive as it's dangerous.

I can't stop thinking about him, and yet, I don't know what to do about him.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

June 29, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.

Will looks healthier. I managed to fake an encephalitis diagnosis, but there wasn't much the hospital could do to keep him there. Still, the full week they managed to keep him there was a well deserved rest for him. The second and third week of his treatment was recommended to be done at his house, plus rest. I stayed with him in the hospital and I'm visiting him at his home every day, bringing him food and, as he points out, keeping an eye on him and keeping Jack Crawford away. Abigail comes with us on the weekends.

It's nice. They both look happy. And so far, Will doesn't show signs of suspecting me of anything.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

July 29, 2012. Regarding Events.

Abigail killed Nicholas Boyle, and asked for my help. She opened herself to me, and accepted to have lunch with me once a week. Again, it seems that she is not compatible with The Flesh, she eats at my table and I can see the spark of recognition when she swallows. She doesn't speak a word and she comes back, but she doesn't seem to delight in it either. Pity, if not for her potential then for the possibility of a culinary student and a more interesting table companion.

On the other hand, what she does seems to delight in, it's in her bond with Will. He is well rested now, or better rested than before. We had a picnic at his house last week and Abigail fell enamored with the dogs. Maybe I do not need to fear as much as I originally thought. If Will and Abigail and I bond enough as a family, maybe Will's instincts will have more power over him and his decisions than his pitiable moral compass.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

August 5, 2012. Regarding The Spiral.

Margaret had been rambling about a man with vivid colorful eyes, sitting in her living room and laughing all night for the last three weeks. Today she had an appointment with me but she didn't make it, and my calls have gone unanswered all day.

I hope The Throat of Delusion likes my cooking.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

August 5, 2012. Regarding Events.

A bird received the calling of mother nature and decided to answer by defecating in my new blue suit. I had to buy coffee at an Starbucks because the battery of my car died and I almost arrived late to my dinner with Will. He looked amused when I told him. I was not.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

August 17, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.

I decided to start leaving my Leitners in plain sight, in hopes that Will chooses one. I even took a very hopeful attempt to drive Will to find a single page of *'The Ceaseless Chase',* to see if I could route him into The Hunt. But even if he still passes around my office, touches my things, climbs my stairs to the mezzanine, he seems to not be at all interested in the books as he was before.

Yet, he has taken a liking to lurk in the corners, tap his fingers and blink at me.

I cannot know for sure, but I'm starting to think he has been chosen already, or at least, marked by a power. When Will is not directly in my field of vision the image of him gets distorted, and he seems to have more eyes than humans should.

If he has chosen to serve The Beholding it won't be a total surprise, but it will be inconvenient. I shall start protecting my office. If Will becomes an avatar of The Eye, I must be prepared for the worst and learn how to cancel his powers before it is too late. He must not discover me before he is ready to accept me inside him.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

August 20, 2012. Regarding a new friend.

There is a spider in my bedroom. I find them anti-aesthetic in house decoration, but I hold high respect for them nonetheless. Spiderwebs are intricate and beautiful, the patience and hunger of the eighth legged things are commendable.

The one in my bedroom is over the head of my bed. She is a small little thing, dark brown, round belly and short legs. She is so small that I cannot see her eyes, but I know the eight of them are on me.

She doesn't even reach half an inch, but she is strong. I was reading when I heard an insect buzz loudly over my head, and when I looked, I expected a fly or a bothersome mosquito. Instead there was an insect that I could not name, hopelessly fighting for its life, already half in a cocoon with the spider running in circles around it. It was bigger than the spider, and yet she ran in circles around the insect, wrapping it with her thread. She dragged the poor thing to her web with surprising strength and gorged herself.

Spiders have come to me countless times, and I have refused them every one. The Web, for all the respect and admiration that I have for It, I told It, I do not find joy in being a servant of any power. It always seemed to be respectful of my wishes.

I do not know if the little thing in my bed is part of The Web, but I always think of spiders as involuntary servants. And there was something about this little one that endears her to me, so I looked at her close and told her:

*"Tell your master that I still do not wish to serve a power. But if **you** desire to stay here, you can."*

She has made a tiny web around her like a nest, and she doesn't seem to be interested in making it bigger or moving away.

I don't think The Web is interested in my plans, or It would have sent their eight legged minion to my office. And I don't think The Web is interested in who (if) I take to my bed.

My little spider neighbor has no name, but it is nice to have a friend.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

September 3, 2012. Regarding Will Graham.

Will grabbed my hand during dinner.

He is never very vocal in his praise to my food. But he smiled, slowly taking a piece of entrecôte to his mouth, moaned with the flavor. He praised me before, during and after dinner. I'm not proud to say that it was hard to look at him in the eyes.

He put his hand over mine during dessert, and I found myself unable to move away.

I didn't know my heart could beat that fast.

Diary of Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

September 9, 2012. Regarding My Spider Friend.

I named the spider over my bed as Eris. She likes to wrap her prey on her thread, but not too tight. She seems to like it when they fight back. Eris likes to play with her food. Sometimes I swear that I hear her prey's desperation in the way they bat their wings loudly. Today I think I saw Eris' eyes sparkle even if I couldn't discern them completely. I observed her as she observed her food slowly lose its faith in escaping. Then I watched Eris sink her teeth in their flesh.

My little friend is quite the skilled hunter. I like her.

End Notes

Hot take: Will would be an AMAZING avatar of The Web and I will die on this cliff. Gramps made an INCREDIBLE art of Web!Will and YOU MUST look at it here (beware for spiders and Dead Doe) -> original link to the Tumblr post

They also used the tag DEAD DOE: DO NOT EAT and I'm GOING INSANE because that's so clever !!!! I'm so angry I didn't name the fic Dead Doe: Do Not Eat. That's so BIG BRAIN. The power that that has, the international implications that that has, the-

If you want to support me, follow me on my socials or take a look at other exclusive fics that I don't upload to Ao3 check my LinkTree with all my important links.

Thank you for reading. Lots of love, Angel ♡

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!